THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS – IT'S

TERRIFIC

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A POWER COMIC

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AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.25c. WEST AFRICA 1/-
SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/3 NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

"THIS HOSTAGE EARTH!"

IN WHICH THE MIGHTY AVENGERS BATTLE TO SAVE THEIR BELOVED PLANET FROM A FATE SO DEADLY THAT NONE BUT THE MACABRE MOLE MAN COULD HAVE DEVISED IT!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.

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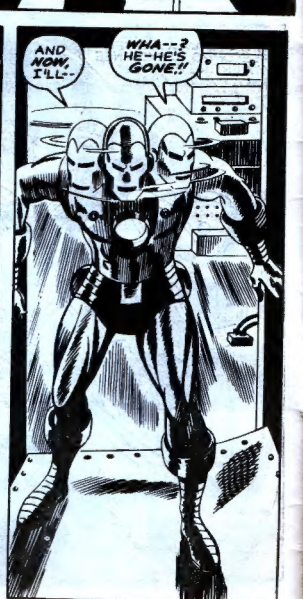
FOR THOSE OF YOU EQUIPPED WITH BRAND X MEMORIES—HERE IS THE STORY SO FAR: HOT IN PURSUIT OF THE TRAITOR KRANG AND THE LADY DORMA (WHOM HE BELIEVES HAS BETRAYED HIM) NAMOR SIGHTS THEIR SHIP JUST AS THE WARLORD ATTACKS IRON MAN. THE AVENGER *REPULSES* KRANG WHOSE SHIP STREAKS AWAY INTO THE DEEPS—THUS DEPRIVING THE PRINCE OF HIS VENGEANCE. HIS WRATH THEN TURNS UPON IRON MAN, WHO, WEAKENED ALMOST TO EXHAUSTION BY KRANG'S ALPHA RAYS, HAS MANAGED TO ENTER HIS MUNITIONS FACTORY TO REPLACE HIS BATTERED SUIT. THE GOLDEN AVENGER TRICKS NAMOR INTO *THROWING* HIM INTO THE VERY ROOM WHERE THE NEW SUIT IS. WITH ONLY STRENGTH ENOUGH TO CLOSE THE MASSIVE DOOR BEHIND HIM, STARK SETS ABOUT THE TASK OF REVITALIZING HIMSELF WHILE THE ENRAGED PRINCE BEATS AGAINST THE ARMOURED DOOR...

IT IS HOPELESS! I CAN JUST BARELY GET MY FINGERS THROUGH— AND THEN THE TENSION FORCES ME BACK!
TOO LONG HAVE I BEEN ON LAND! ONLY THE SEA CAN RETURN MY FULL POWER TO ME!
I MUST SUBMERGE MYSELF IN THE LIFE-GIVING WATERS OF THE DEEP--AND THEN RETURN-- TO SMASH THIS ACCURSED DOOR LIKE AN EGGSHELL!
BETTER TAKE IT EASY, NAMOR! SAVE YOUR STRENGTH! YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT, MISTER!

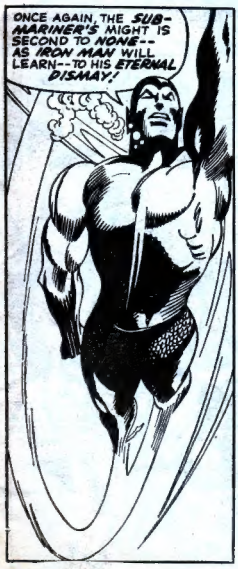
THIS IS THE MOMENT THAT MAKES ALL THE AGONY OF THE PAST MORE THAN WORTH-WHILE!
THIS IS THE SUPREME SENSATION WHICH NO OTHER LIVING BEING CAN EVER EXPERIENCE--THE FEELING WHICH NONE CAN EVER FULLY COMPREHEND--
THE TRIUMPHANT MOMENT WHEN THE STRENGTH OF A THOUSAND TRANSISTORS FLOWS THROUGH --AND I STAND ONCE MORE, READY FOR BATTLE--AS THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN!

AND THEN, AFTER DONNING A NEW, MIGHTIER-THAN-EVER SUIT OF GLISTENING ARMOUR-
CLANG!
NAMOR!! STAND BACK, YOU WING-FOOTED WONDER!!
YOU'VE BEEN TRYING IN VAIN TO SMASH THIS DOOR DOWN--
WELL HERE'S ONE WAY TO DO IT!


AND NOW, I'LL--
WHA--? HE-HE'S GONE!!

AND, EVEN AS THE ARMOLIRED AVENGER SPEAKS--THE HERCULEAN FIGURE OF MAMOR THE FIRST, LORD OF ATLANTIS, PLUNGES TOWARDS THE SWIRLING WATERS OF THE HARBOUR—A SCANT FEW HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE STARK MUNITIONS PLANT...
ONCE THE LIFE-GIVING WATERS BELOW SUBMERGE ME--MY FULL POWER WILL RETURN IN THE SPACE OF A SINGLE HEARTBEAT!

SPLOOSH!
AHHHHH!-- I FEEL RENEWED STRENGTH COURSING THROUGH MY BODY--THROUGH EVERY BLOOD CELL--EVERY SINGLE FIBRE OF MY BEING!


ONCE AGAIN, THE SUB-MARINER'S MIGHT IS SECOND TO NONE--AS IRON MAN WILL LEARN--TO HIS ETERNAL DISMAY!

THUS, THE RAMPAGING RULER OF THE UNDERSEA REALM SURFACES ONCE MORE--THE TORMENT IN HIS EM-BITTERED HEART FEEDING UPON ITSELF LIKE THE ALL-CONSUMING FLAMES OF SOME MADLY BLAZING CELESTIAL SUN--!
NOW TO HUMBLE THE GOLDEN AVENGER AS NO MAN HAS EVER BEEN HUMBLED BEFORE!
KRATCH

HAPPY! YOU'VE GOT TO GET YOUR CAR AND PICK ME UP AT ONCE! THE POLICE INSPECTOR JUST CALLED! THERE'S TROUBLE AT THE FACTORY! THEY THINK IT'S--IRON MAN!
YES, OF COURSE I'M READY! I'LL WAIT FOR YOU DOWN-STAIRS! HURRY!
MEANWHILE ANTHONY STARK'S PRETTY SECRETARY PEPPER POTTS MAKES AN URGENT 'PHONE CALL...

AND SO IT IS THAT, THIRTY MINUTES LATER, A HIGH-POWERED CONVERTIBLE JOINS THE SQUAD CARS FORMING A CORDON AROUND THE WORLD-FAMOUS MUNITIONS COMPLEX KNOWN AS STARK INDUSTRIES--!
THE GATE'S BEEN SMASHED OPEN! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG IN THERE! LET'S GO!
HAPPY--WHAT CAN IT BE?
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE.
WATCH YOURSELVES, YOU TWO! LET US GO IN FIRST!
IF IRON MAN'S ON A RAMPAGE, NOBODY'S SAFE!

AND THEN...
WE WERE RIGHT! IT'S HIM!
THE POLICE!
KRAK
DON'T TRY ANYTHING, MISTER! THE WHOLE PLACE IS SURROUNDED!
BUT--IT'S NOT ME YOU WANT! IT'S THE SUB-MARINER! HE CAUSED ALL THE DAMAGE! WHERE IS HE?

SUB-MARINER? THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM! LET'S JUST STICK TO THE FACTS, HUH?
BUT, HE WAS HERE! YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!
WHY WOULD HE MAKE UP A STORY LIKE THAT?
DON'T YOU SEE? WHILE YOU'RE HOLDING THOSE GUNS ON ME, NAMOR MAY BE PLANNING ANYTHING!

THEN, ECHOING THE IRON MAN'S WORDS, A CHALLENGING SHOUT IS HEARD AS THE REFRESHED SUB-MARINER RETURNS... TO MEET, HEAD-ON, THE CHARGE OF THE POWER PACKED AVENGER---

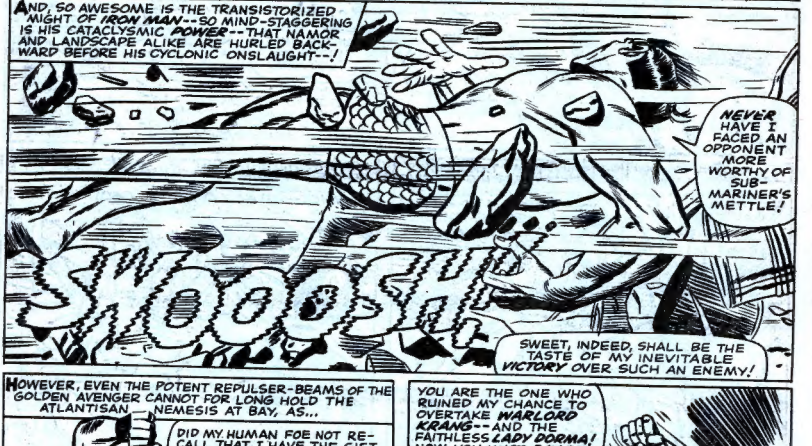
SO--THE IRON-PLATED AVENGER STILL BELIEVES THAT HE IS TRULY A MATCH FOR A *PRINCE OF THE BLOOD!* I SHALL ALLOW HIM TO *STRIKE* HIS PUNY BLOW--- AND THEN I SHALL *SMASH* HIM, LIKE THE OVERRATED FOOL THAT HE *IS!*

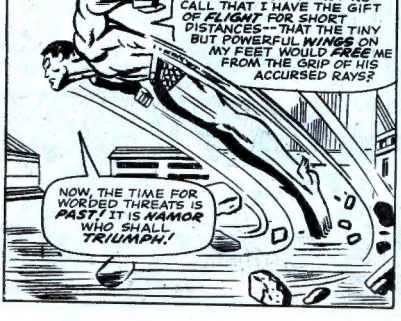
DO YOUR *WORST!* *NAMOR* DOES NOT FEAR YOUR ONCE-POTENT MIGHT!

MISTER, THAT SUITS ME JUST *FINE!*

GOT TO HIT HIM--AND HIT HIM *HARD!* MY ONLY TRUMP CARD IS THE ELEMENT OF *SURPRISE!*

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, MY ARROGANT FRIEND! TO TELL THE TRUTH, I'M GETTING SICK AND TIRED OF BEING THE TARGET OF EVERY JOKER IN NEED OF AN OUTLET FOR HIS HOSTILITIES!
IT'S TIME THAT IRON MAN SHOWED JUST WHY HE IS CALLED INVINCIBLE--AND I'LL START BY GIVING YOU A FULL DOSE OF MY REPULSER RAYS!


AND, SO AWESOME IS THE TRANSISTORIZED MIGHT OF IRON MAN--SO MIND-STAGGERING IS HIS CATACLYSMIC POWER--THAT NAMOR AND LANDSCAPE ALIKE ARE HURLED BACKWARD BEFORE HIS CYCLONIC ONSLAUGHT--!
NEVER HAVE I FACED AN OPPONENT MORE WORTHY OF SUB-MARINER'S METTLE!
SWOOSH!
SWEET, INDEED, SHALL BE THE TASTE OF MY INEVITABLE VICTORY OVER SUCH AN ENEMY!


HOWEVER, EVEN THE POTENT REPULSER-BEAMS OF THE GOLDEN AVENGER CANNOT FOR LONG HOLD THE ATLANTISAN NEMESIS AT BAY, AS...
DID MY HUMAN FOE NOT RECALL THAT I HAVE THE GIFT OF FLIGHT FOR SHORT DISTANCES--THAT THE TINY BUT POWERFUL WINGS ON MY FEET WOULD FREE ME FROM THE GRIP OF HIS ACCURSED RAYS?
NOW, THE TIME FOR WORDED THREATS IS PAST! IT IS NAMOR WHO SHALL TRIUMPH!

YOU ARE THE ONE WHO RUINED MY CHANCE TO OVERTAKE WARLORD KRANG--AND THE FAITHLESS LADY DORMA! NOW, YOU MUST PAY FOR YOUR FOOLHARDY INTERFERENCE!
SO THAT'S WHY SUB-MARINER ATTACKED ME! HE HIMSELF WAS AFTER KRANG! HE FEELS I CHEATED HIM OF HIS VICTIM!*
*AND WE KNOW WHY, DON'T WE--FROM READING THE LAST INCREDIBLE ISH! --THE CAPTIST GANG!

AND NOW, *THIS* IS THE PENALTY FOR DEFYING THE WISHES OF *PRINCE NAMOR THE FIRST*, SOVEREIGN OF ATLANTIS!

IT'S *INCREDIBLE!* WITHOUT ARMOUR -- WITHOUT WEAPONS-- HIS POWER IS THE EQUAL OF *MINE!* BUT, I *MUST* DEFEAT HIM-- FOR, IF *I* DON'T-- WHO *CAN?*

THOOM!

AND, I JUST *REMEMBERED*-- ALL THE DEVICES IN THIS SECTION ARE TOP-PRIORITY WEAPONS FOR *SHIELD!* I MUSTN'T ALLOW ANY OF THEM TO BE *DESTROYED!*

BUT, THE RAMPAGING SUB-MARINER GIVES THE EMBATTLED AVENGER NO OPPORTUNITY TO CHANGE THE SCENE OF THEIR EPIC ENCOUNTER...

SO! YOU MOVE *STILL!* THEN, IT IS TIME TO *FINISH* THIS GRIM CHARADE!

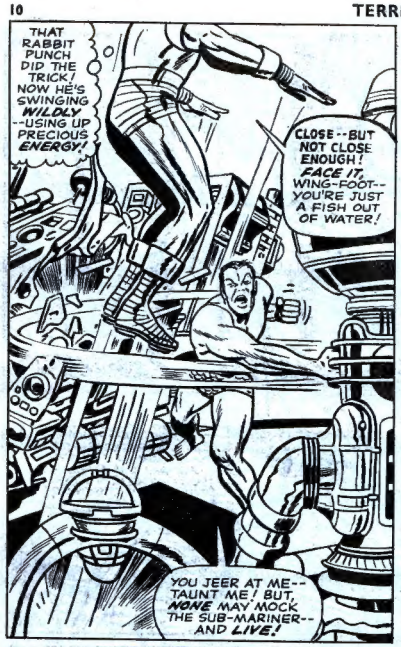
I SHALL DRAG YOU BODILY INTO THE *SEA*--AS THE FINAL *HUMILIATION!*

THE *SEA!* THAT'S *IT!* IT'S MY WAY TO VICTORY!

AS LONG AS I KEEP HIM AWAY FROM THE *WATER*, MY OWN STRENGTH WILL REMAIN *CONSTANT*--WHILE HIS CAN ONLY *DIMINISH!*

SORRY, NAMOR, BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE TAKING A SWIM! IT MIGHT RUST MY *ARMOUR!*

-UNHHNNN--!-



CAN IRON MAN STOP NAMOR FROM DESTROYING THE ENTIRE AREA... BE WITH US NEXT WEEK AND SEE IF WE'RE STILL HERE!

TOFFO

NAME YOUR PRIZE IN

200 GREAT PRIZES

Mackintosh's

HUNT THE HALF COMPETITION

Tri-ang Hornby 'Blue Pullman' Electric Train with transformer.

Jones/Meccano Lockstitch Sewing Machine.

'Magic' Portable Record Player.

LOOK AT THESE PRIZES!

Tri-ang Hornby 'Blue Pullman' Electric Train. A superb set with life-like detailed modelling. Ready to run on the large oval track is a Diesel Pullman Motor Car, Pullman Parlour Car and Pullman Motor, all fitted with seats, tables and table lamps. Automatic Uncoupler allows realistic shunting operations. Complete with control unit and transformer.

Jones/Meccano Lockstitch Sewing Machine. Sew just like Mummy! With this superbly efficient sewing machine you can do real lockstitch sewing and make all sorts of pretty things It stitches both ways, (left or right handed) and even has its own completely fitted case and instruction book.

'Magic' Portable Record Player. Hear your records wherever you choose with this handy-size record player. Upstairs, downstairs, indoors, outdoors, anywhere Battery powered and very easy to operate Has lots of volume for your long-playing 10" & 12" records (33 r.p.m.) and singles (45 r.p.m.). Packs into its own compact case—7" x 4" x 2" closed.

HERE'S HOW TO WIN

Just look at that jumble of shapes in the word 'TOFFO' Each shape is half of an everyday item. For instance, there is part of a comb on the right of the 'T', and also in the second 'F' What you have to do is count the number of items, like the comb, that have both parts shown. (Do not count those like the birdcage that have only one!)

Add up the items with both halves shown, then write the total in the 1st TRY square on the entry coupon. For further attempts use the other TRY squares. Each TRY must be accompanied by the red wrappers from *two* 3d. TOFFO packs, or the white wrapper from the delicious new LIQUORICE TOFFO pack. If you make four TRIES you can make an extra attempt in the 5th TRY square without sending an extra wrapper.

Next you must place a tick against the prize you would most like to win Then finish the sentence on the form by adding not more than 10 words of your own.

Complete your entry by giving name, age and address.

Cut the whole entry form round the broken lines and post it in a sealed envelope (4d stamp) with the correct number of TOFFO wrappers to. Mackintosh's TOFFO 'HUNT THE HALF' Competition, 18-20 St. Andrew Street, London. E.C.4. (Comp.) Closing date:— 8th September 1967

READ THESE POINTS CAREFULLY:

1. Anyone living in the U.K. who is under 16 on 8th September 1967 can enter, except children of employees of John Mackintosh & Sons Ltd., or anyone directly connected with the competition
2. All the entries will be examined and the prizes will be awarded to the 200 competitors who have given the correct or the most nearly correct total of items that have both halves shown in the picture One prize only per winning competitor
3. Any number of attempts may be entered, but they must be accompanied by the correct number of wrappers from TOFFO and or LIQUORICE TOFFO
4. In the event of ties, the judges will award the prizes to entrants who have best completed the sentence on the entry form AGE WILL BE TAKEN FULLY INTO ACCOUNT BY THE JUDGES.
5. The judges' decision in all competition matters is final and legally binding no correspondence is allowed
6. Winners will be notified by post. A list of winners will be posted to entrants who enclose a stamped, self addressed envelope with entry Or, the list can be seen at the Halifax, Norwich or London Offices of John Mackintosh & Sons Ltd., from 25th September 1967

Ask at your Toffo shop for extra entry forms containing full rules, or write direct to. TOFFO 'Hunt the Half' Competition, 18-20 St Andrew Street, London E C 4 (Comp.), marking envelope 'Entry Form' and enclosing stamped addressed envelope

ENTRY FORM
TOFFO 'HUNT THE HALF' COMPETITION

Write one total in each TRY square you enter.

1st Try Total	2nd Try Total	3rd Try Total	4th Try Total	Free 5th Try Total

Finish this sentence by adding up to 10 words of your own —

I ALWAYS LIKE EATING MACKINTOSH'S TOFFO BECAUSE .....

(Please use Capital Letters)

First Name .....

Surname .....

Age ..... Years ..... Months

Address .....

Town .....

County .....

Important—Put a tick against the one prize you would like to win.

Train Set ☐
Sewing Machine ☐
Record Player ☐

TR

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!

"THIS HOSTAGE EARTH!" Part 2

OUR INCREDIBLE STORY BEGAN WHEN GIANT MAN RECEIVED AN URGENT ALARM FROM SOME ANTS. CONVINCED THAT THIS PORTENDED SOME VAST DISASTER HE IMMEDIATELY CALLED AN AVENGERS' MEETING—ONLY TO HAVE HIS FEARS MOCKED!

THE CYBERNETIC ALARM! IT'S BEING ACTIVATED BY THE ANTS! MUST BE SERIOUS! I'LL GET IT, JAN!

BE MY GUEST, HIGH-POCKETS!

I KNOW HE'S DEAD SERIOUS, BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING THERE'S SOMETHING RIDICULOUS ABOUT HAVING A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH SOME ANTS!

INVESTIGATING ALONE, GIANT MAN APPROACHED THE CORE OF EARTH, WHERE HE WAS CAPTURED BY MOLE MAN AND HIS SUBTERRANEANS! MOLE MAN HAS CONSTRUCTED A MACHINE TO ACCELERATE THE SPEED OF EARTH ON ITS AXIS. AND NOW, AS BUILDINGS TOTTER, THE AVENGERS MEET AGAIN, WHEN SUDDENLY...

IT'S THE MOLE MAN'S SUBTERRANEANS! THEY'VE REACHED THE SURFACE!!

TAKE COVER, RICK! WE'LL HANDLE THIS! IT'S ONLY A SMALL SQUAD OF THEM!

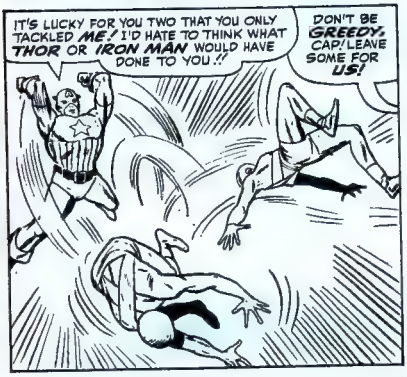
YOUR TEEN BRIGADE CAN ALERT THE ARMY IF THEIR NUMBERS INCREASE!

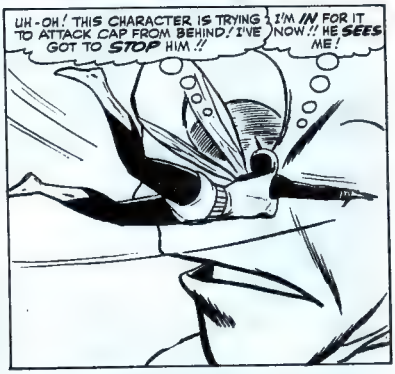
THEY'RE SMALL IN SIZE AND NUMBERS, BUT THEY HAVE STRANGE, POWERFUL WEAPONS!! TAKE NO UNNECESSARY CHANCES!

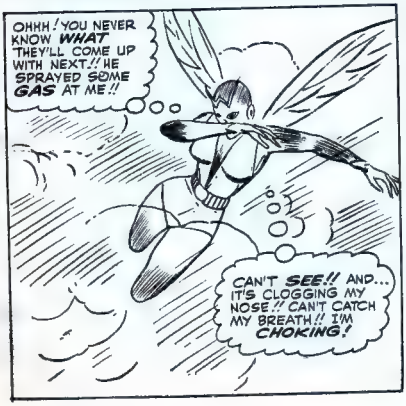
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1964

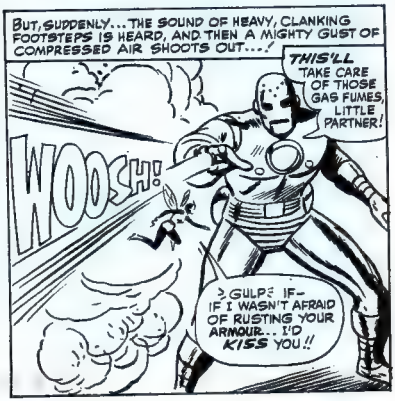
I'LL SAY THEIR WEAPONS ARE POWERFUL! THEY EFFORTLESSLY MAGNETIZED MY SHIELD RIGHT IN MID-AIR!
WELL, THERE'S MORE TO COMBAT THAN A SPINNING SHIELD!

THE SOONER WE FINISH THIS, THE SOONER WE'LL BE ABLE TO TACKLE YOUR MASTER DOWN BELOW!


IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU TWO THAT YOU ONLY TACKLED ME! I'D HATE TO THINK WHAT THOR OR IRON MAN WOULD HAVE DONE TO YOU!!
DON'T BE GREEDY, CAP! LEAVE SOME FOR US!


UH-OH! THIS CHARACTER IS TRYING TO ATTACK CAP FROM BEHIND! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!!
I'M IN FOR IT NOW!! HE SEES ME!

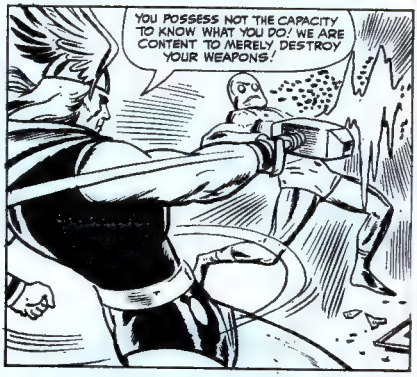

OHHH! YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT THEY'LL COME UP WITH NEXT!! HE SPRAYED SOME GAS AT ME!!
CAN'T SEE!! AND... IT'S CLOGGING MY NOSE!! CAN'T CATCH MY BREATH!! I'M CHOKING!


BUT, SUDDENLY... THE SOUND OF HEAVY, CLANKING FOOTSTEPS IS HEARD, AND THEN A MIGHTY GUST OF COMPRESSED AIR SHOOTS OUT....!
THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE GAS FUMES, LITTLE PARTNER!
WOOSH!
GULP! IF- IF I WASN'T AFRAID OF RUSTING YOUR ARMOUR... I'D KISS YOU!!

HOWEVER, THE SINISTER SUBTERRANEANS DO NOT SHARE THE WASP'S CONCERN FOR IRON MAN'S ARMOUR, AND, A SECOUND LATER...
I'M BEING SPRAYED WITH A FLAME-THROWER! IF IT HEATS MY IRON KIMONO MUCH MORE, I'LL ROAST IN HERE!
KEEP COOL, GOLDEN BOY! I'LL DOUSE THAT FLAME FOR YOU!

DARTING AROUND AND AROUND, USING HER "WASP'S STING" WITH THE SAME TELLING EFFECTIVENESS AS THE WINGED CREATURE FOR WHICH SHE'S NAMED, THE COURAGEOUS FLYING WASP CAUSES HER STARTLED FOE TO DROP HIS WEAPON....
I'M LUCKY THEY FORGOT THE D.D.T.!

MEANWHILE...
RETURN FROM WHENCE YOU CAME! OUR FIGHT IS NOT WITH YOU!


YOU POSSESS NOT THE CAPACITY TO KNOW WHAT YOU DO! WE ARE CONTENT TO MERELY DESTROY YOUR WEAPONS!

FINALLY, THE ALMOST HELPLESS SUBTERRANEANS REALIZE THEIR ATTACK HAS FAILED, AS THE FIGHTING AVENGERS MAKE SHORT WORK OF THEIR REMAINING ARMS!
WHRRRR
CLANG!
THUP!
WOW!

AND SO...
ENOUGH! THEY HAVE LOST THEIR WILL TO FIGHT!
NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THEM, WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THEM!?
LOOK! A SUDDEN MIST IS ENVELOPING THEM!

IT'S SO THICK... SO BLINDING... I CAN HARDLY EVEN FLY THROUGH IT!
DO NOT TRY, WASP! STAY BACK! HOLD YOUR BREATH... ALL OF YOU! IT MAY BE POISONOUS!
SUPER POWERS ARE OKAY WHEN YOU NEED 'EM, AVENGERS! BUT LITTLE OL' RICK KNOWS THE WAY TO TAKE CARE OF THAT SMOKE!

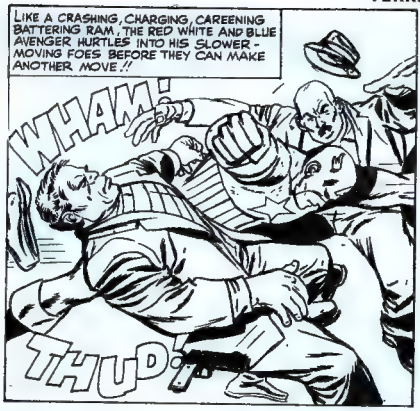
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SWITCH ON THE EXHAUST FAN... LIKE THIS!
GOOD THINKING, BOY... BUT...!
THE SUBTERRANEANS HAVE VANISHED!
WELL, GOOD RIDDANCE, I SAY!

THEY WILL TROUBLE US NO FURTHER! NOW WE MUST FIND A WAY TO REACH THE CORE OF EARTH!
CAP, YOU AND RICK RUSH TO STARK'S WEST SIDE WAREHOUSE AND BRING ME THREE MODEL X-75G TRANSISTOR TUBES! MEANTIME, WE'LL SET THINGS UP AT THE ARMS FACTORY!
YOU HEARD THE MAN, RICK! LET'S GO!
I'M RIGHT WITH YOU, CAP!

BUT, UPON REACHING THE GLOOMY BUILDING, THEY FIND...
WE'RE JUST IN TIME, LAD! SOMEONE IS STEALING STARK'S SUPPLIES!
LOOKS LIKE FOUR OF 'EM, CAP... AND THEY'RE ARMED!
SO ARE WE, RICK! WE'VE GOT A SHIELD... COURAGE... AND SKILL! NO WEAPONS ARE GREATER!

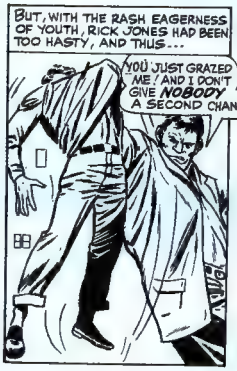
LOOK OUT, YOU GUYS! THAT CRATE'S VALUABLE!
HEY! SOMETHING'S ALIVE UNDER OUR FEET!

IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA! WE GOT TO STOP 'IM!
ONE JUST RAN AWAY... SO I'VE ONLY THREE TO HANDLE! IT SHOULDN'T DELAY ME TOO LONG!
DON'T SHOOT, YOU FOOL! THE COPS'LL HEAR YOU!
MONK WILL TAKE CARE OF 'IM!

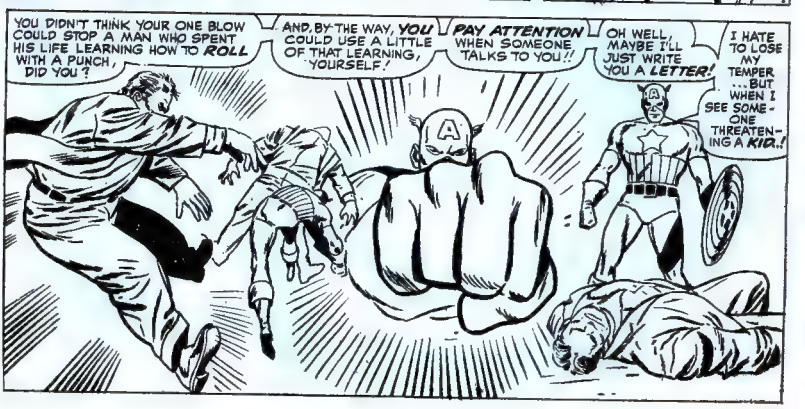

LIKE A CRASHING, CHARGING, CAREENING BATTERING RAM, THE RED WHITE AND BLUE AVENGER HURTLES INTO HIS SLOWER-MOVING FOES BEFORE THEY CAN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE!!
WHAM!
THUD!

BUT THE ONE CALLED MONK, WHO HAD BEEN WAITING SILENTLY BEHIND THE CRATE, FLOORS CAP WITH A POWERHOUSE RIGHT WHICH THE UNWITTING CRUSADER HAD RACED SMACK DAB INTO!
WHUP!
UHHH...!
CAP!!

WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, CAP'S SCRAPPY TEEN-AGE PARTNER HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE FRAY, DELIVERING A FAST DESPERATE KARATE BLOW...!
I DON'T CARE HOW BIG YOU ARE, YOU CREEP!

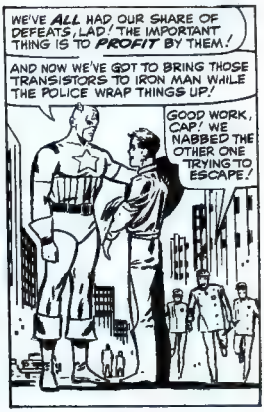

BUT, WITH THE RASH EAGERNESS OF YOUTH, RICK JONES HAD BEEN TOO HASTY, AND THUS...
YOU JUST GRAZED ME! AND I DON'T GIVE NOBODY A SECOND CHANCE!

THEN, WITH THE COLD, STEELY MENACE OF A HACKSAW A CHALLENGING VOICE RINGS OUT...!
HOLD IT, MISTER! YOU HAVEN'T FINISHED WITH ME YET!


YOU DIDN'T THINK YOUR ONE BLOW COULD STOP A MAN WHO SPENT HIS LIFE LEARNING HOW TO ROLL WITH A PUNCH, DID YOU?
AND, BY THE WAY, YOU COULD USE A LITTLE OF THAT LEARNING, YOURSELF!
PAY ATTENTION WHEN SOMEONE TALKS TO YOU!!
OH WELL, MAYBE I'LL JUST WRITE YOU A LETTER!
I HATE TO LOSE MY TEMPER ...BUT WHEN I SEE SOMEONE THREATENING A KID..!

RICK IS ALL RIGHT...HE JUST HAD THE BREATH KNOCKED OUT OF HIM WHEN MONK DROPPED HIM!
COME ON, LITTLE FRIEND...WAKE UP! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

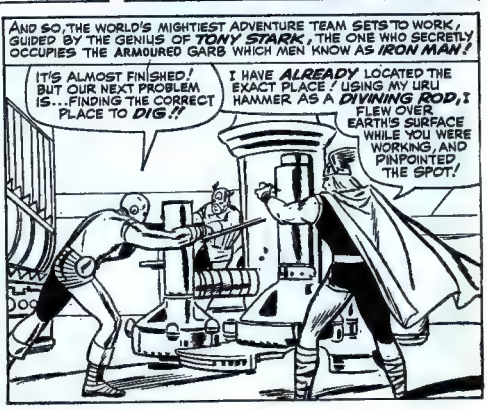
THEN, SECONDS LATER...
I SUPPOSE I'LL NEVER HAVE A CHANCE TO BECOME AN AVENGER NOW, EH, CAP?
NONSENSE, RICK! ONE SETBACK WILL NOT AFFECT YOUR STATUS!

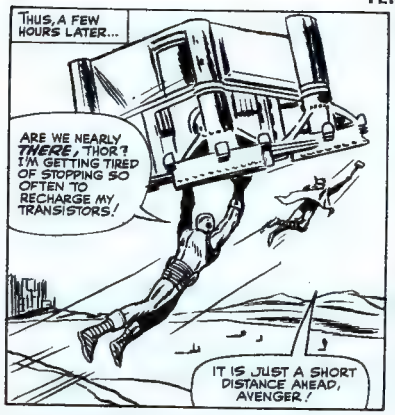

WE'VE ALL HAD OUR SHARE OF DEFEATS, LAD! THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO PROFIT BY THEM!
AND NOW WE'VE GOT TO BRING THOSE TRANSISTORS TO IRON MAN WHILE THE POLICE WRAP THINGS UP!
GOOD WORK, CAP! WE NABBED THE OTHER ONE TRYING TO ESCAPE!

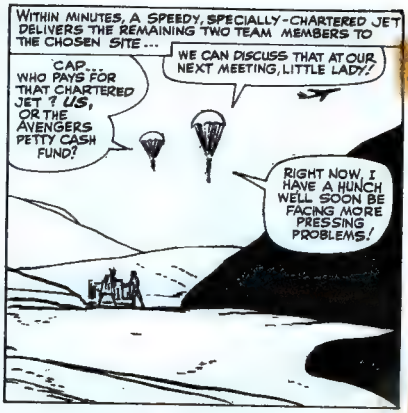
MEANWHILE, AT THE SPRAWLING WEAPONS FACTORY OF ANTHONY STARK...
HAS CAPTAIN AMERICA NOT YET RETURNED FROM HIS SUPPLY MISSION ??
NO, BUT TAKE IT EASY, THOR! HE'S NEVER FAILED US YET!
MY LIMBS ACHE WITH EAGERNESS TO ATONE FOR MY CAVALIER TREATMENT OF GIANT-MAN!

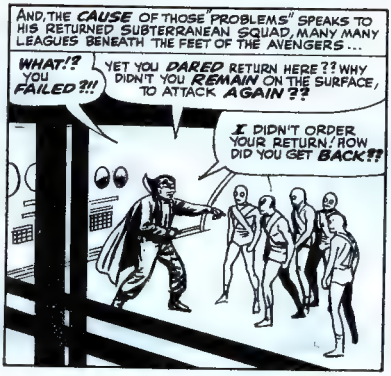
IT WAS I WHO MOCKED HIM FOR HEEDING THE WARNING OF HIS ANTS! AND NOW...
WHO IS THAT ??!
BOY! I NEVER THOUGHT OLD LONG-HAIR COULD BE SUCH A BUNDLE OF NERVES!

GREETINGS, AVENGER!
I LEFT YOUR TRANSISTORS ON THE TABLE, AVENGER!
WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
TRAFFIC WAS A LITTLE HEAVY!


AND SO, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST ADVENTURE TEAM SETS TO WORK, GUIDED BY THE GENIUS OF TONY STARK, THE ONE WHO SECRETLY OCCUPIES THE ARMOURED GARB WHICH MEN KNOW AS IRON MAN!
IT'S ALMOST FINISHED! BUT OUR NEXT PROBLEM IS...FINDING THE CORRECT PLACE TO DIG!!
I HAVE ALREADY LOCATED THE EXACT PLACE! USING MY URU HAMMER AS A DIVINING ROD, I FLEW OVER EARTH'S SURFACE WHILE YOU WERE WORKING AND PINPOINTED THE SPOT!

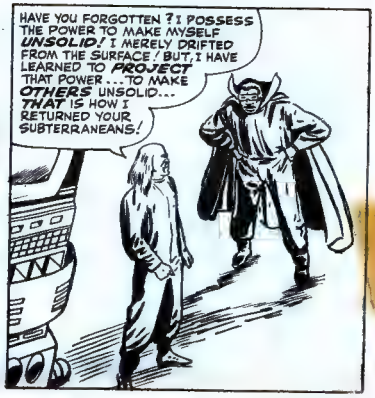

THUS, A FEW HOURS LATER...
ARE WE NEARLY THERE, THOR? I'M GETTING TIRED OF STOPPING SO OFTEN TO RECHARGE MY TRANSISTORS!
IT IS JUST A SHORT DISTANCE AHEAD, AVENGER!

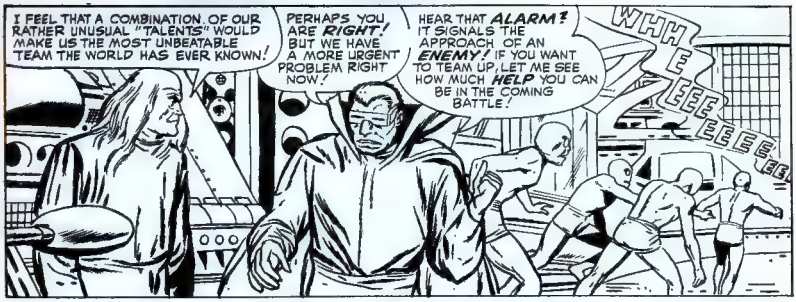

WITHIN MINUTES, A SPEEDY, SPECIALLY-CHARTERED JET DELIVERS THE REMAINING TWO TEAM MEMBERS TO THE CHOSEN SITE...
CAP... WHO PAYS FOR THAT CHARTERED JET? US, OR THE AVENGERS PETTY CASH FUND?
WE CAN DISCUSS THAT AT OUR NEXT MEETING, LITTLE LADY!
RIGHT NOW, I HAVE A HUNCH WE'LL SOON BE FACING MORE PRESSING PROBLEMS!

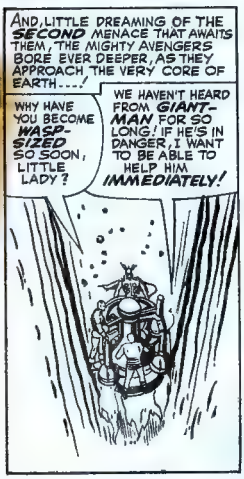

AND, THE CAUSE OF THOSE "PROBLEMS" SPEAKS TO HIS RETURNED SUBTERRANEAN SQUAD, MANY MANY LEAGUES BENEATH THE FEET OF THE AVENGERS...
WHAT!? YOU FAILED?!!
YET YOU DARED RETURN HERE?? WHY DIDN'T YOU REMAIN ON THE SURFACE, TO ATTACK AGAIN??
I DIDN'T ORDER YOUR RETURN! HOW DID YOU GET BACK?!

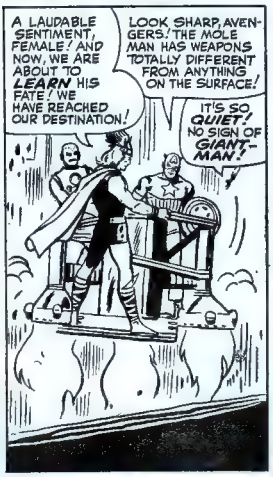
I BROUGHT THEM BACK, MOLE MAN!
A GUTTURAL VOICE! ONE I HAVE NEVER HEARD BEFORE! BUT... WHO..?

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I'M KNOWN AS... THE RED GHOST! PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD OF ME?
OF COURSE! YOU ARE THE SCIENTIST WHO BATTLED THE FANTASTIC FOUR ON THE MOON!
QUITE SO! I ADMIRE YOUR MEMORY!
BUT HOW DID YOU GET HERE? I HEARD NO BURROWING MACHINE!

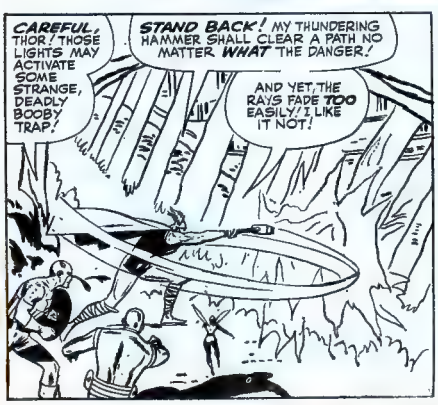

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN? I POSSESS THE POWER TO MAKE MYSELF UNSOLID! I MERELY DRIFTED FROM THE SURFACE! BUT, I HAVE LEARNED TO PROJECT THAT POWER... TO MAKE OTHERS UNSOLID... THAT IS HOW I RETURNED YOUR SUBTERRANEANS!


I FEEL THAT A COMBINATION OF OUR RATHER UNUSUAL "TALENTS" WOULD MAKE US THE MOST UNBEATABLE TEAM THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!
PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT! BUT WE HAVE A MORE URGENT PROBLEM RIGHT NOW!
HEAR THAT ALARM? IT SIGNALS THE APPROACH OF AN ENEMY! IF YOU WANT TO TEAM UP, LET ME SEE HOW MUCH HELP YOU CAN BE IN THE COMING BATTLE!
WHH EEE EEE EEEEEE

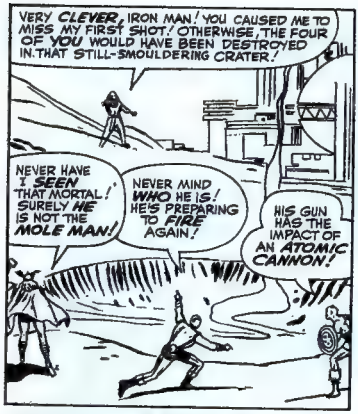

AND, LITTLE DREAMING OF THE SECOND MENACE THAT AWAITS THEM, THE MIGHTY AVENGERS BORE EVER DEEPER, AS THE APPROACH THE VERY CORE OF EARTH....!
WHY HAVE YOU BECOME WASP-SIZED SO SOON, LITTLE LADY?
WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM GIANT-MAN FOR SO LONG! IF HE'S IN DANGER, I WANT TO BE ABLE TO HELP HIM IMMEDIATELY!


A LAUDABLE SENTIMENT, FEMALE! AND NOW, WE ARE ABOUT TO LEARN HIS FATE! WE HAVE REACHED OUR DESTINATION!
LOOK SHARP, AVENGERS! THE MOLE MAN HAS WEAPONS TOTALLY DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING ON THE SURFACE!
IT'S SO QUIET! NO SIGN OF GIANT-MAN!

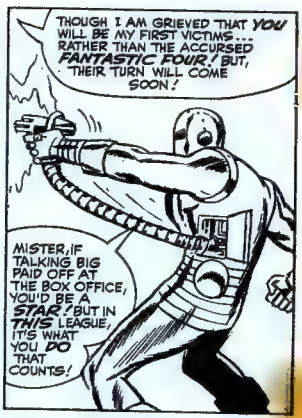
IF HE LIVES, WE'LL SAVE HIM, WASP! AND IF HE DOES NOT...THEN VENGEANCE SHALL BE OURS!
I SEE SOMETHING AHEAD... LIKE A GIGANTIC FENCE OF LIVING LIGHTS! LETS GO!
AVENGERS ATTACK!


CAREFUL, THOR! THOSE LIGHTS MAY ACTIVATE SOME STRANGE, DEADLY BOOBY TRAP!
STAND BACK! MY THUNDERING HAMMER SHALL CLEAR A PATH NO MATTER WHAT THE DANGER!
AND YET, THE RAYS FADE TOO EASILY! I LIKE IT NOT!

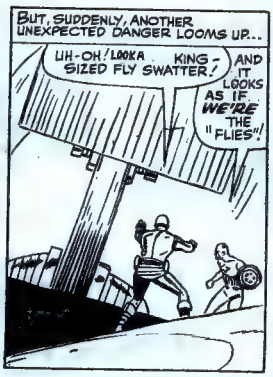
LOOK! ON THAT LEDGE ABOVE! A FIGURE... WITH A RAY GUN AIMED AT US!
SCATTER!! I'LL TRY TO DIVERT THE BEAM BY MAGNETIC REPULSION!

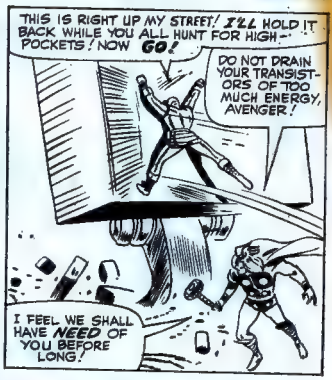

VERY CLEVER, IRON MAN! YOU CAUSED ME TO MISS MY FIRST SHOT! OTHERWISE, THE FOUR OF YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN DESTROYED IN THAT STILL-SMOULDERING CRATER!
NEVER HAVE I SEEN THAT MORTAL! SURELY HE IS NOT THE MOLE MAN!
NEVER MIND WHO HE IS! HE'S PREPARING TO FIRE AGAIN!
HIS GUN HAS THE IMPACT OF AN ATOMIC CANNON!

I AM THE RED GHOST! IT PLEASES ME THAT MY NAME SHALL BE THE LAST YOU WILL EVER HEAR!

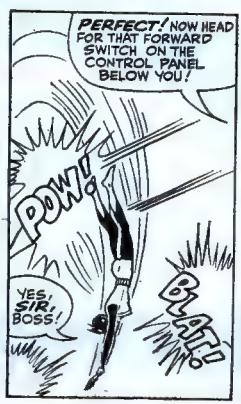

THOUGH I AM GRIEVED THAT YOU WILL BE MY FIRST VICTIMS... RATHER THAN THE ACCURSED FANTASTIC FOUR! BUT, THEIR TURN WILL COME SOON!
MISTER, IF TALKING BIG PAID OFF AT THE BOX OFFICE, YOU'D BE A STAR! BUT IN THIS LEAGUE, IT'S WHAT YOU DO THAT COUNTS!

AND, WHETHER YOUR BODY IS UNSOLID OR NOT, A CONCENTRATED HIGH-FREQUENCY SOUND BLAST SHOT WILL MAKE YOU EAT THOSE WORDS!

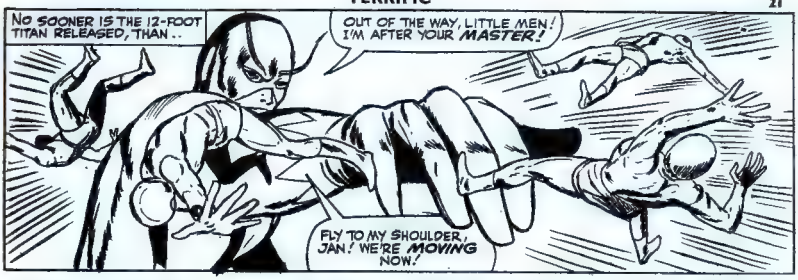

BUT, SUDDENLY, ANOTHER UNEXPECTED DANGER LOOMS UP...
UH-OH! LOOK A KING-SIZED FLY SWATTER!
AND IT LOOKS AS IF WE'RE THE "FLIES"!


THIS IS RIGHT UP MY STREET! I'LL HOLD IT BACK WHILE YOU ALL HUNT FOR HIGH-POCKETS! NOW GO!
DO NOT DRAIN YOUR TRANSISTORS OF TOO MUCH ENERGY, AVENGER!
I FEEL WE SHALL HAVE NEED OF YOU BEFORE LONG!

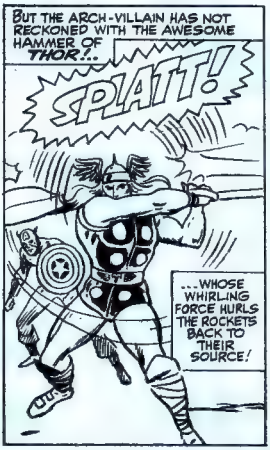
MEANWHILE, THE EAGER WASP HAS ALREADY FOUND HER CAPTIVE PARTNER...!
OH, HANK... YOU'RE ALIVE!
LOOK OUT, HONEY! BEHIND YOU!
POWER DIVE, JAN... AS I'VE TAUGHT YOU... NOW!


PERFECT! NOW HEAD FOR THAT FORWARD SWITCH ON THE CONTROL PANEL BELOW YOU!
POW!
YES, SIR, BOSS!
BLAT!

PUSH IT! HARDER! HARDER! IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT WILL FREE ME! I'M BATHED IN AN ANTI-CYBERNETIC RAY IN HERE!
CAN'T DO IT... IT'S TOO HEAVY! IT... UHHH... THERE! IT'S OPEN!
CLICK!


NO SOONER IS THE 12-FOOT TITAN RELEASED, THAN..
OUT OF THE WAY, LITTLE MEN! I'M AFTER YOUR MASTER!
FLY TO MY SHOULDER, JAN! WE'RE MOVING NOW!

MEANWHILE, THE MACABRE MOLE MAN, AS YET UNAWARE OF HIS PRISONER'S ESCAPE, PREPARES TO RENEW HIS ATTACK UPON THE AVENGERS...
THESE HYPER-IONIC ROCKETS CAN STOP ANYTHING THAT LIVES!
WHOOSH!

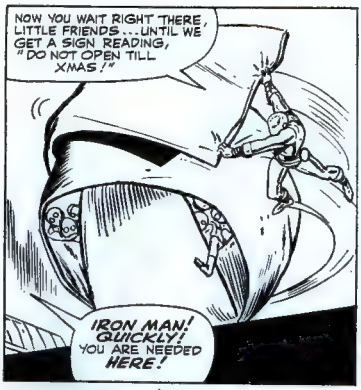

BUT THE ARCH-VILLAIN HAS NOT RECKONED WITH THE AWESOME HAMMER OF THOR!..
SPLATT!
...WHOSE WHIRLING FORCE HURLS THE ROCKETS BACK TO THEIR SOURCE!

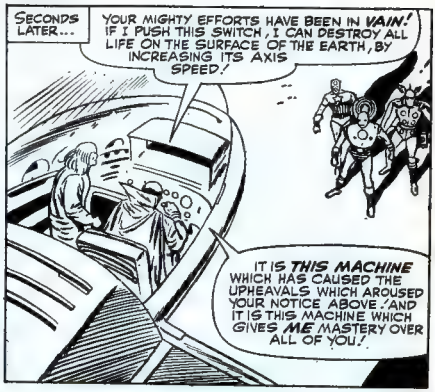
NO! NO! WHA...?? THEY...THEY'RE PASSING RIGHT THROUGH ME!
OF COURSE, MY NEW-FOUND PARTNER! I HAVE MADE YOU AS UNSOLID AS I! I VOWED WE WOULD BE INVINCIBLE!

STAY WITH 'EM, AVENGERS! I'LL JUST MAKE SURE WE NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THESE MISSILE LAUNCHERS AGAIN!
WHOP!

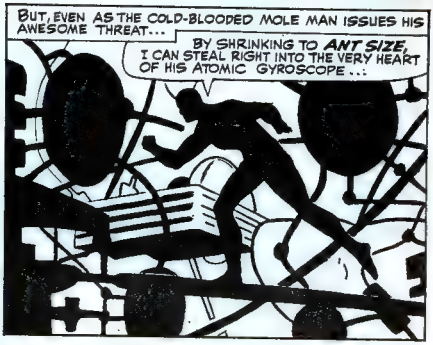
BUT, THEN...
UH OH! MORE ARMED SUBTERRANEANS UP AHEAD!
LET'S PULL THE RUG OUT FROM UNDER THEM!
PWYKK!

Y'KNOW SOMETHING, AVENGER? YOU CATCH ON QUICK!
MY COMPLIMENTS TO YOU, TOO, AVENGER!

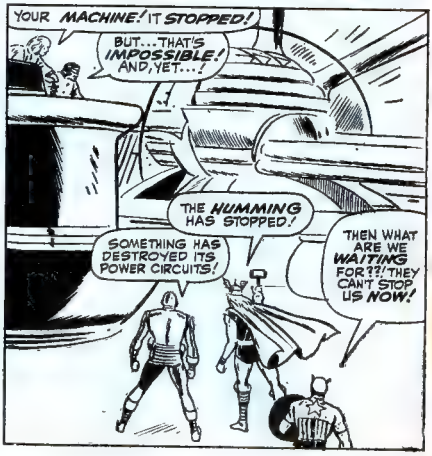

NOW YOU WAIT RIGHT THERE, LITTLE FRIENDS...UNTIL WE GET A SIGN READING, "DO NOT OPEN TILL XMAS!"
IRON MAN! QUICKLY! YOU ARE NEEDED HERE!

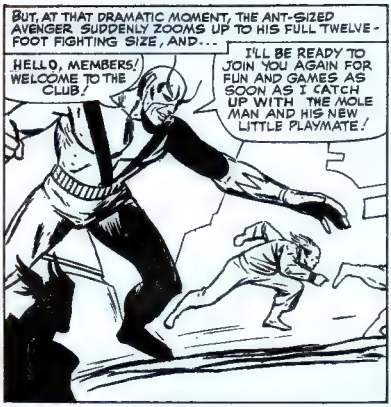

SECONDS LATER...
YOUR MIGHTY EFFORTS HAVE BEEN IN VAIN! IF I PUSH THIS SWITCH, I CAN DESTROY ALL LIFE ON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH, BY INCREASING ITS AXIS SPEED!
IT IS THIS MACHINE WHICH HAS CAUSED THE UPHEAVALS WHICH AROUSED YOUR NOTICE ABOVE! AND IT IS THIS MACHINE WHICH GIVES ME MASTERY OVER ALL OF YOU!

HAH! SEE THE BEWILDERMENT ON THEIR FACES!...THE SHOCK...THE DISMAY! THEY KNOW THEY ARE DOOMED!
I SHALL SLAY ALL OF YOU...SAVE ONE! THAT ONE WILL RETURN TO THE SURFACE WITH MY DEMAND FOR UN-CONDITIONAL SURRENDER FROM THE HUMAN RACE!


BUT, EVEN AS THE COLD-BLOODED MOLE MAN ISSUES HIS AWESOME THREAT...
BY SHRINKING TO ANT SIZE, I CAN STEAL RIGHT INTO THE VERY HEART OF HIS ATOMIC GYROSCOPE...

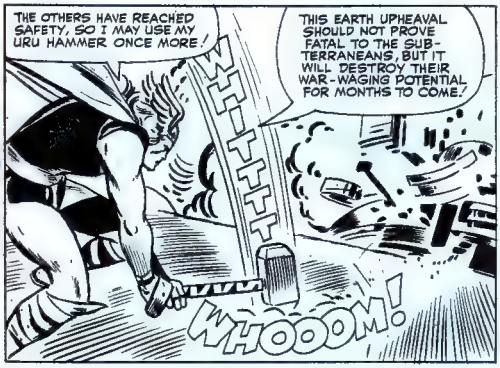
AND, WITH MY EXPERIENCE IN SUCH COMPLEX MECHANISMS, IT'S AN EASY MATTER FOR ME TO FIND THE EXACT CONNECTIONS WHICH, IF ALTERED, WILL CAUSE A PARALYZING SERIES OF SHORT CIRCUITS!
ZITTT!
ZITT!
ZITT!
ZITT!


YOUR MACHINE! IT STOPPED!
BUT...THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! AND, YET...!
THE HUMMING HAS STOPPED!
SOMETHING HAS DESTROYED ITS POWER CIRCUITS!
THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?! THEY CAN'T STOP US NOW!


BUT, AT THAT DRAMATIC MOMENT, THE ANT-SIZED AVENGER SUDDENLY ZOOMS UP TO HIS FULL TWELVE-FOOT FIGHTING SIZE, AND...
HELLO, MEMBERS! WELCOME TO THE CLUB!
I'LL BE READY TO JOIN YOU AGAIN FOR FUN AND GAMES AS SOON AS I CATCH UP WITH THE MOLE MAN AND HIS NEW LITTLE PLAYMATE!

IT IS USELESS, TITANIC ONE! THEY HAVE THE POWER TO BECOME UNSOLID..!
... WE MUST FIRST DEVISE A METHOD OF HOLDING THEM!

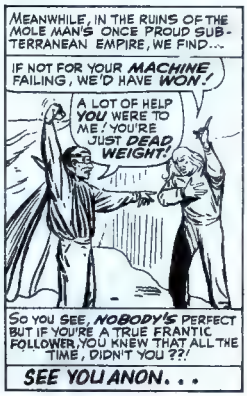
THEY'VE STOPPED CHASING US! IN FACT, THEY'RE RUNNING THE OTHER WAY! WHY??
THAT IS THE DIRECTION THEY CAME FROM! THEY MUST BE PLANNING TO... LOOK! WHAT IS THOR DOING?


THE OTHERS HAVE REACHED SAFETY, SO I MAY USE MY URU HAMMER ONCE MORE!
THIS EARTH UPHEAVAL SHOULD NOT PROVE FATAL TO THE SUB-TERRANEANS, BUT IT WILL DESTROY THEIR WAR-WAGING POTENTIAL FOR MONTHS TO COME!
WHIIIIIII
WHOOOOM!

GOOD WORK, THOR! NOW, ALL OF YOU FOLLOW CAP BACK THROUGH OUR ESCAPE ROUTE WHILE I SEAL OFF THESE TUNNELS! IF WE'RE LUCKY, THIS WILL TRAP THEM ALL DOWN HERE FOREVER!
WE HATE TO LEAVE WITHOUT SAYING "GOODBYE", MOLE MAN, BUT...!

BAR
OOM

THE NEXT DAY, BACK ON THE SURFACE AGAIN...
WHEN HIGH-POCKETS ARRIVES, WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE HIM A UNANIMOUS APOLOGY AND A VOTE OF THANKS! HMM, NOT A BAD PICTURE OF ME!
COME TO ORDER, WASP! WE ARE WAITING!
DAILY STANDARD
RS STOP
N PLOT
ARTH
LET HER RELAX, PAL! THAT LITTLE GIRL'S EARNED IT!!


MEANWHILE, IN THE RUINS OF THE MOLE MAN'S ONCE PROUD SUB-TERRANEAN EMPIRE, WE FIND...
IF NOT FOR YOUR MACHINE FAILING, WE'D HAVE WON!
A LOT OF HELP YOU WERE TO ME! YOU'RE JUST DEAD WEIGHT!
SO YOU SEE, NOBODY'S PERFECT BUT IF YOU'RE A TRUE FRANTIC FOLLOWER, YOU KNEW THAT ALL THE TIME, DIDN'T YOU??
SEE YOU ANON...

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:—
TERRIFIC
64, LONG ACRE
LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Geniuses,
I would like to say what a good job you are doing up in the garret. Even with all those papers you are putting out they still keep a fantastic standard. And remember folks:
A Power Comic a day
Keeps the blues away!
I have enclosed a drawing of what I think Big Bold Bart looks like. T.T.F.N. (Ta-Ta for now.)
Stephen Jones,
Bolton, Lancs.

Your pic of B.B.B. was so accurate that we can't publish it, Stephen, or he might get mobbed in the street! But instead one of our artists has taken the brush from behind his ear and inked Bart's silhouette. Alf

Dear Alf and Bart,
Have The FACELESS ONES from TERRIFIC'S Sub-Mariner story got relations on the TV? I noticed that in Dr. Who, some time ago, the FACELESS ONES were battling the Doctor. Or is it that the BBC have copied one of your Power Comic stars? Please, find out for me why there are two lots of FACELESS ONES, because if we've got copy-cats, I'll write up to *Junior Points of View* and ask for an apology.
Paul Millin,
Bexdey, Kent.

We noticed them too, Paul, only their FACELESS ONES weren't so pretty as ours! Could be they did copy us—could be they just looked into the mirror.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
As I have seen no girls' letters in your comic, it does not mean that girls don't read your Fab Comics. I think FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC are the best. Dr. Strange in TERRIFIC is fabulous, he is so strange and eerie. You should have more of him. I like everything in your comics. Every week my brother buys FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC. I wait in agony for him to finish, and when he does I flop down in a chair and nobody hears a word from me for hours. I hope you keep printing and printing because I could not do without FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC.
Joyce Pugh, 11,
Brynmaur, Brec.

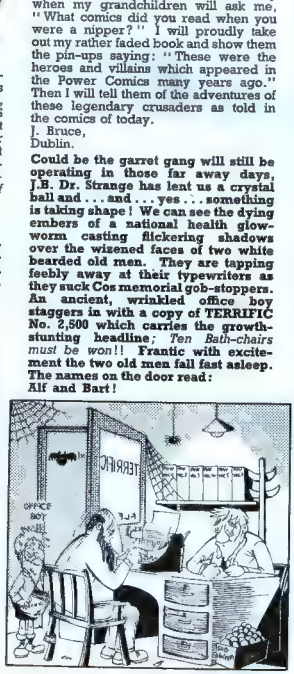
But Joyce, hardly a week goes by without one of our fair readers joining the immortals who have had letters published in TERRIFIC.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Because of my initials, D.D., I am called some funny names such as the following: Donald Duck, Deputy Dog, Dirty Dog, and Dainty Diana! I hate all these names and I tell the lads not to call me them. I tell them to call me Dare Devil just like the Super hero, but they won't call me that!
Derick Davison.
Southmoor, Co. Durham.

Not to worry, Dare Devil, I will.
B.B.B. (Bridgette Bardot's Brother).

Dear Alf and Bart,
Let me, a humble Power Pack Fan, offer my utmost congrats. to you in the garret on your recent masterpiece, TERRIFIC. also, am overjoyed that you have pin-ups of our favourite heroes (and villains). I, however, do not stick these Rembrandts on my wall: no, I have a large drawing book and I stick them in it. You see, I want them until the day when my grandchildren will ask me, "What comics did you read when you were a nipper?" I will proudly take out my rather faded book and show them the pin-ups saying: "These were the heroes and villains which appeared in the Power Comics many years ago." Then I will tell them of the adventures of these legendary crusaders as told in the comics of today.
J. Bruce,
Dublin.

Could be the garret gang will still be operating in those far away days, J.B. Dr. Strange has lent us a crystal ball and . . . and . . . yes . . . something is taking shape! We can see the dying embers of a national health glow-worm casting flickering shadows over the wizened faces of two white bearded old men. They are tapping feebly away at their typewriters as they suck Cos memorial gob-stoppers. An ancient, wrinkled office boy staggers in with a copy of TERRIFIC No. 2,500 which carries the growth-stunting headline; *Ten Bath-chairs must be won!!* **Frantic with excitement the two old men fall fast asleep. The names on the door read:**
Alf and Bart!



Dear Power Pals,
Please, Please Power People Post Poor Power-maniac me a Powerful Power Pound. Please, Please Power Persons Print Plenty Powerful Power Pin-ups Plus, Please, Plenty of Powerful Terrific.
Your Powerless Pal,
John Grant,
Buncrana, Co. Donegal.

Paeonically Penned Powerless Pal. Prime Power Pair (Proudly sPorting Pince-nez, Plus-fours, Plus Poplin Ponchos) are Pleased to Post Pound! Power Pair.

Dear Alf and Bart,
This is the third time I have written, the other two efforts were not printed, so I hope this is third time lucky! I like all your features, Don Starr is very original. Now for some suggestions. 1. Have some competitions. 2. For the best letter of the week give, beside a pound, something extra, (e.g. a subscription to one of your great mags or a model of one of your heroes etc.). Here's a poem I heard about *Thor*, so it's topical even if it's not original:

The God of thunder rode out one day
Upon his favourite filly,
"I'm Thor," he cried
His horse replied
"You forgot your thaddle thilly."

William Murray,
Durham.

1. Turn to page 36. 2. Sheez, William, it's bad enough just trying to choose which letters to publish without having to select the *best* **one of them all.** *All* **your letters are fraught with genius. That's why sometimes we just have to spill over to a page and a half.**
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I think that your new comic TERRIFIC is just dandy and so is its companion paper FANTASTIC. Everything about TERRIFIC is great; The Sub-Mariner, The Avengers and Doc Strange—the lot! I think *News from The Floor of 64* is a good idea, as it keeps us Power Pack People up to date in the happenings. I reckon the Cap's shield is a gizmo (hope I spelt that right) and hey, how about the Lady Dorma and Wasp!! Cor! Is Don Starr one of your own goodies?—How about a greenback for me as you have never printed a letter from Swanncombe?
Philip Strong,
Swanncombe, Kent.

The racing, nimble, deadline-honed fingers of Kid Ken Mennell are tapping out the next episode of the *Drama of Doom*, **even now, Phil, and he's right up here in the garret.**
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I don't know if you've noticed this before, but in TERRIFIC 1 you showed where Dr. Don Blake (THOR) found a gnarled wooden stick (which is really his hammer) and it was very old then. But in TERRIFIC 5, when he was drawn through a powerful electromagnetic field into a small compartment, he changed into Dr. Don Blake and his hammer changed back into his cane—but look at the difference! When he first found his cane it was a thick hunk of wood, but in TERRIFIC 5, his cane looked as if it would break at a touch. Anyway, I am still one of Thor's top fans and as a whole I think TERRIFIC is terrrrrific!
Robert Dix,
Newport, Mon.

The stick certainly looks pretty puny in ish 5, Bob, but then if *you'd* **kept changing into a hammer** *you'd* **probably look a little thinner after a while.**
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Since I heard of Power Comics I have changed my comic more times than my shirt! When I heard of SMASH I went to my Newsagents next morning and ordered it. After I read No. 28—I went mad. I was up early every morning waiting at the letter box. Then when I heard POW was coming out I got it until I heard TERRIFIC was coming, so I stopped POW to get TERRIFIC. Now I have stuck to it. I wouldn't mind a greenback!
Richard Bellerby,
Dewsbury, Yorks.

If any of you Frantic Ones see a kid roaming about STUCK to a copy of TERRIFIC—turn him round, could be, there's a greenback stuck on the other side!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
As I type these immortal words I know I am typing to a comic which is a step ahead of other comics etc. Please I beg you, when will G.B. have Marvellous Super-Heroes on T.V.?
John Enright,
New Malden, Surrey.

We've seen the Hulk on American T.V., John, and the Frantic Ones down under in Australia where the Kangers hop and the Wombats wink also have old green-skin on the silver screen. As for G.B.T.V., all we can say is— *it could happen* **. . . Nuff said.**
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Have just finished reading your comic TERRIFIC—it is terrific. Before I read your comic I used to read a local one, and compared to yours its uggh! I introduced TERRIFIC to some of my girl-friends and they think it's terrific, too. If I go down the street reading it, the lads take the Micky out of me, but I'm not bothered what they think as long as I enjoy it! I think the Iron Man is great (and Dr. Strange) but my favourite is Giant Man. You couldn't get better value for ninepence. I've already ordered a weekly edition of TERRIFIC.
Susan Howitt, 14,
Nottingham.

Whenever we go down the street reading TERRIFIC, Sue, we find we have about 200 citizens following us frantically trying to look over our shoulders. Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
If you don't want to go bankrupt print this letter—if you don't I will sabotage your printing press. I know you don't know how sabotage became a word—it comes from the French word *sabot*' which means *shoe*. A long time ago people who worked in a shoe factory in France didn't get enough money, so they decided to do something about it and threw their *sabots* into the machines! Well, there you are. Don't forget the warning.
Steven Colver,
Ibstock.

We won't, Steve, but a boot in the works shouldn't make much difference to TERRIFIC—as long as it lands at the *foot* **of a page!**
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I am writing to you because I'm going *Power Mad* over your mags! Every time I go by a newsagent I think about how they have got SMASH, POW, FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC, and here's me with nothing! I just love your comics, keep up the good work!
Tony Hartley,
Salford, Lancs.

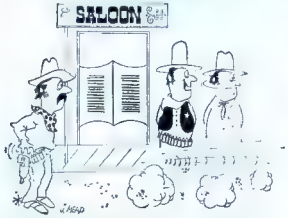
We're all weeping up here, Tony, does that make you any happier?
Alf and Bart.

Just one last whisper in your ear before we sign off for another week. We want each and every one of you to try for one of those trend setting *Raleigh Mustangs*. **Ten Frantic Ones MUST win and YOU could be one of them! Turn to page 36.**

FRANTIC FUN

" Dad will soon be up now Mum, I've set the alarm! "

" Do you think he's trying to tell us something ? "

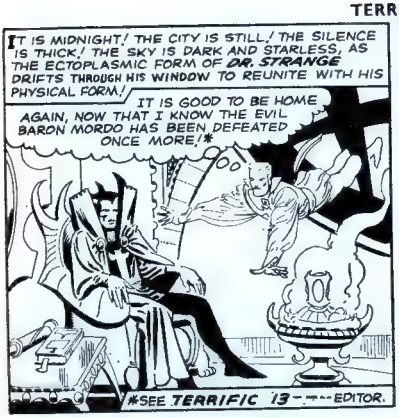


"Fastest gun in the west—just look at him run!"

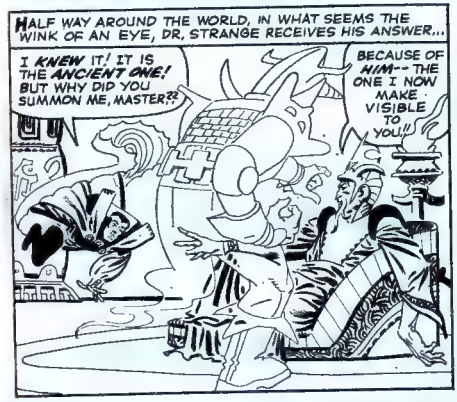
Dr. STRANGE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!

"THE DOMAIN OF THE DREAD DORMAMU!"

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1962


IT IS MIDNIGHT! THE CITY IS STILL! THE SILENCE IS THICK! THE SKY IS DARK AND STARLESS, AS THE ECTOPLASMIC FORM OF DR. STRANGE DRIFTS THROUGH HIS WINDOW TO REUNITE WITH HIS PHYSICAL FORM!
IT IS GOOD TO BE HOME AGAIN, NOW THAT I KNOW THE EVIL BARON MORDO HAS BEEN DEFEATED ONCE MORE!*
*SEE TERRIFIC 13 ---- EDITOR.

BUT, NO SOONER DOES THE MAN OF MYSTERY ATTAIN HIS MORTAL BODY, THEN HE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE GRIP OF A SPELL SO POWERFUL HE DARES NOT EVEN THINK ITS NAME!
ONLY ONE LIVING BEING HAS THE POWER TO DO THIS!! BUT-- WHY??


HALF WAY AROUND THE WORLD, IN WHAT SEEMS THE WINK OF AN EYE, DR. STRANGE RECEIVES HIS ANSWER...
I KNEW IT! IT IS THE ANCIENT ONE! BUT WHY DID YOU SUMMON ME, MASTER??
BECAUSE OF HIM-- THE ONE I NOW MAKE VISIBLE TO YOU!!

A SPIRIT FORM! DOES HE DARE TO MENACE YOU, MASTER??
NO, MY SON! HE IS MERELY A MESSENGER --FROM THE DREAD DORMAMMU!!!

THE DREAD DORMAMMU!! MOST POWERFUL OF THE DWELLERS IN THE REALM OF DARKNESS!! WHAT DOES HE SEEK OF US?
HE THREATENS TO LEAVE THE DARK REALM--TO ENTER THE WORLD OF MAN! BUT THAT MUST NEVER BE!

HIS POWERS ARE TOO GREAT! HIS WAYS ARE TOO ALIEN! HUMANITY MUST NEVER BE THREATENED BY SUCH A MENACE! AND YET-- I AM TOO AGED--TOO WEARY-- TO STOP HIM!
SAY NO MORE, MASTER! I SHALL CONFRONT THE DREAD DORMAMMU!

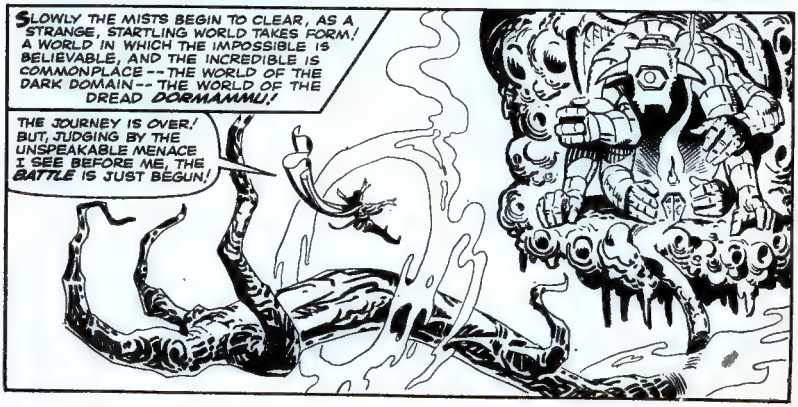
REMEMBER THIS, MY SON-- HE IS LIKE NO FOE YOU HAVE EVER FOUGHT BEFORE! HIS POWER IS BEYOND DESCRIPTION--HIS WORLD IS FRAUGHT WITH STRANGE DANGERS--
IT IS TRULY SAID --IN ALL THE UNIVERSE, THERE IS NONE TO COMPARE TO THE DREAD DORMAMMU!

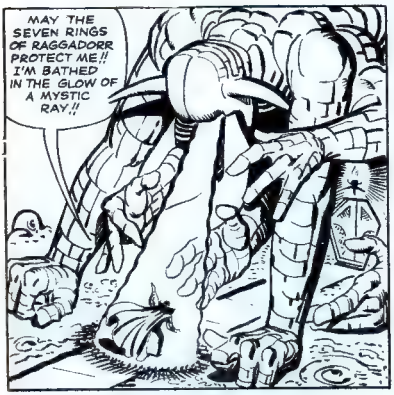
EVEN I, AT THE HEIGHT OF MY POWER, WAS UNABLE TO DEFEAT HIM! IF YOU SHOULD FAIL--THERE CAN BE NO HELP FOR YOU!!
I DARE NOT FAIL, MASTER!! TOO MUCH IS AT STAKE!!

SO BE IT, THEN!! BY THE SHADES OF THE SERAPHIM--IN THE NAME OF THE ALL-SEEING AGAMOTTO--

--I DISPATCH THEE TO-- THE DOMAIN OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU!!!

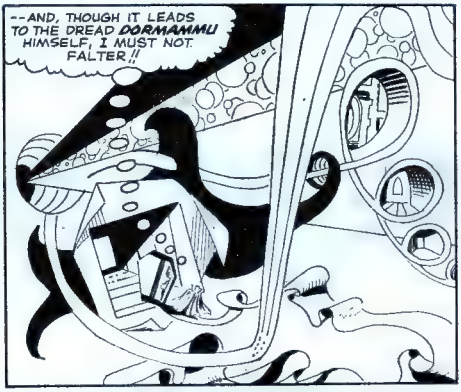
IT IS DONE!! THERE CAN BE NO TURNING BACK!! I AM COMMITTED TO THE BATTLE OF MY LIFE!!


SLOWLY THE MISTS BEGIN TO CLEAR, AS A STRANGE, STARTLING WORLD TAKES FORM! A WORLD IN WHICH THE IMPOSSIBLE IS BELIEVABLE, AND THE INCREDIBLE IS COMMONPLACE--THE WORLD OF THE DARK DOMAIN--THE WORLD OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU!
THE JOURNEY IS OVER! BUT, JUDGING BY THE UNSPEAKABLE MENACE I SEE BEFORE ME, THE BATTLE IS JUST BEGUN!


MAY THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADORR PROTECT ME!! I'M BATHED IN THE GLOW OF A MYSTIC RAY!!

MY BRAIN IS ON FIRE! IT IS A TEST OF WILL-- AND MINE MUST PREVAIL!!

THE PAIN IS LESSENING!! I'VE WON! BEFORE ME A DOOR OPENS!
I HAVE NO CHOICE-- I MUST FOLLOW WHERE IT LEADS!

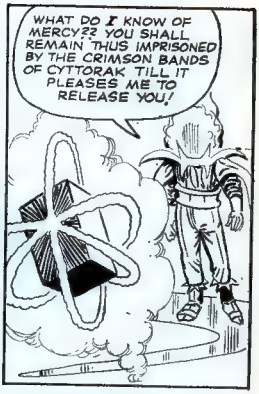

--AND, THOUGH IT LEADS TO THE DREAD DORMAMMU HIMSELF, I MUST NOT FALTER!!

BEHOLD, MASTER!! ONE COMES!!
HOW CAN THIS BE?? IT IS NOT THE ANCIENT ONE!! IT IS MERELY HIS DISCIPLE!! VANQUISHING SO WEAK A FOE SHALL GIVE ME SMALL SATISFACTION!

THERE CAN BE BUT ONE ANSWER! THE ANCIENT ONE KNOWS I CANNOT BE STOPPED, SO HE DARES NOT COME HIMSELF! THE DIE IS CAST-- EARTH SHALL SOON BE MINE!

MASTER-- WHAT IF THE HUMAN BE STRONGER THAN YOU SUSPECT??
YOU DARE QUESTION ME-- THE DREAD DORMAMMU??!

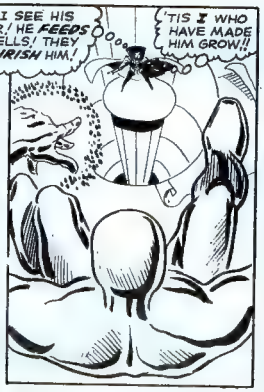
SUCH INSOLENCE MUST NOT GO UN-PUNISHED!!
NO, MASTER! MERCY-- WE BEG THEE--!!


WHAT DO I KNOW OF MERCY?? YOU SHALL REMAIN THUS IMPRISONED BY THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK TILL IT PLEASES ME TO RELEASE YOU!

MEANTIME, DR. STRANGE FACES HIS NEXT CHALLENGE...
A MIDGET! HE APPEARS TO BE DEVOID OF POWER! AND YET, I MUST BE ON MY GUARD!

I'LL HOLD HIM AT BAY WITH A MILD SPELL, AND THEN-- WAIT!! HE IS GROWING BEFORE MY EYES!!

I'LL NEED A STRONGER SPELL! BUT-- AGAIN HE HAS GROWN!!


NOW I SEE HIS POWER! HE FEEDS ON SPELLS! THEY NOURISH HIM!
'TIS I WHO HAVE MADE HIM GROW!!

NOW I MUST USE THE STRONGEST SPELL OF ALL--!

IT WORKED! PRAISE THE OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR! IT WAS HE WHO WARNED ME OF THOSE WHO FEED ON OTHER SPELLS!

BUT, OTHER EYES ARE WATCHING...
SO! THAT IS THE HUMAN CREATURE WHO DARES DEFY DORMAMMU!!

I HAVE HEARD FATHER SPEAK OF AN ANCIENT ONE WHO BATTLED DORMAMMU LONG AGO! IT CANNOT BE THE SAME ONE!
FOR HE IS YOUNG-- AND FAIR TO BEHOLD!

BUT ALAS! HE HAS BEEN SEIZED BY THE DWELLERS BELOW!!

I'M BEING DRAWN DOWN INTO THIS TWO-DIMENSIONAL OBJECT-- AS THOUGH SOME SORT OF LIFE EXISTS BELOW IT!!

HAH! WE HAVE FOUND ONE FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION! WHAT A PRIZE HE SHALL BE!!
I WAS RIGHT! IN THIS DARK DOMAIN, WORLDS WITHIN WORLDS EXIST!

BY THE TWELVE MOONS OF MUNNIPOR--THESE CREATURES CANNOT BE STOPPED BY SPELLS!! AND YET, THERE MUST BE A WAY--!!

OF COURSE!! THE ONE WEAPON WHICH NEVER FAILS ME!! MY ENCHANTED AMULET!
DWELLERS IN THE REALM OF DARKNESS CANNOT RESIST ITS GLEAMING, GLISTENING BEACON!!

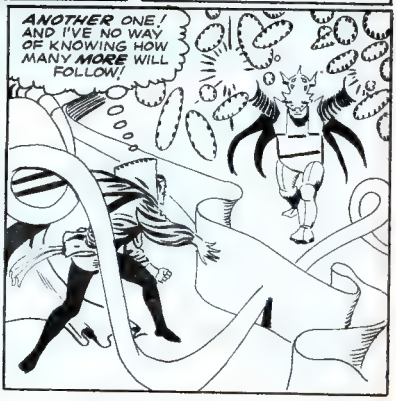
THE CREATURE FROM ANOTHER WORLD POSSESSES COURAGE! WHAT A PITY HE CAN NEVER HOPE TO TRIUMPH OVER THE DREAD DORMAMMU!

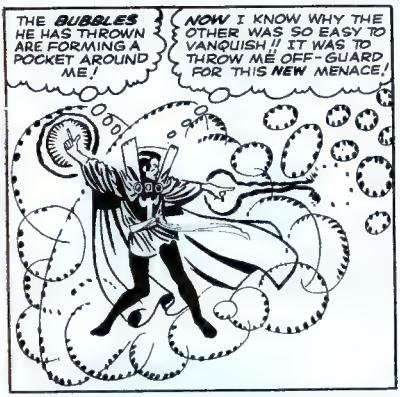
WHY DOES HE CONTINUE ON?? SURELY BY NOW HE CAN SEE HOW HOPELESS IT IS!
BACK!! GO BACK, NOBLE HUMAN!

ODD--I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M BEING WATCHED--AS THOUGH A VOICE INSIDE ME IS URGING ME TO GO BACK!

THEN, SUDDENLY...
ANOTHER DANGER! THE WORST-LOOKING SO FAR!

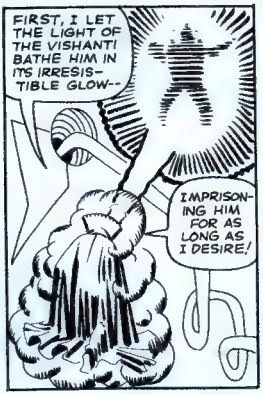
BY THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH, THING OF EVIL--BEGONE!!!
I DON'T LIKE IT! IT'S TOO EASY A VICTORY!


ANOTHER ONE! AND I'VE NO WAY OF KNOWING HOW MANY MORE WILL FOLLOW!

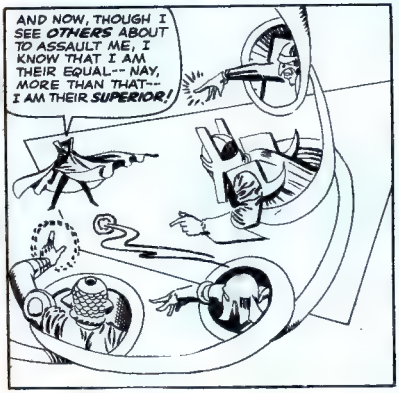

THE BUBBLES HE HAS THROWN ARE FORMING A POCKET AROUND ME!
NOW I KNOW WHY THE OTHER WAS SO EASY TO VANQUISH!! IT WAS TO THROW ME OFF-GUARD FOR THIS NEW MENACE!

I CANNOT BREAK FREE!! MY VERY SPELLS THEMSELVES SEEM UNABLE TO PENETRATE THIS AWESOME SCREEN!!
IT GROWS THICKER--MORE STIFLING!

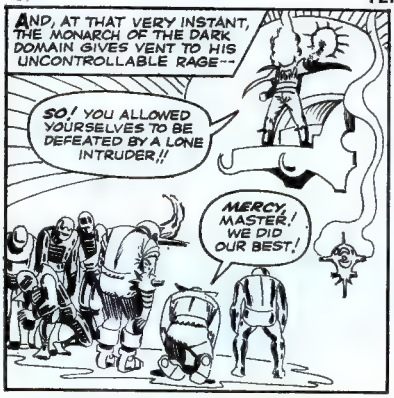
BUT, IF I COULD CUT A HOLE IN THE SCREEN--A PATH FOR MY SPELLS TO GO THROUGH-ONCE MORE I MUST CALL UPON MY ENCHANTED AMULET!!
THERE! MY WAY IS CLEAR NOW!


FIRST, I LET THE LIGHT OF THE VISHANTI BATHE HIM IN ITS IRRESISTIBLE GLOW--
IMPRISONING HIM FOR AS LONG AS I DESIRE!

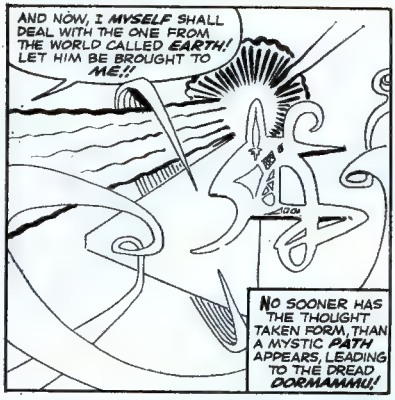
NEXT, I DISPEL THE POCKET AROUND ME--REPLACING IT WITH THE VAPOURS OF VALTORR!!


AND NOW, THOUGH I SEE OTHERS ABOUT TO ASSAULT ME, I KNOW THAT I AM THEIR EQUAL--NAY, MORE THAN THAT--I AM THEIR SUPERIOR!

NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH A ONE!! HE VANQUISHES THOSE WHO OPPOSE HIM AS IF HE'S THE DREAD DORMAMMU HIMSELF!


AND, AT THAT VERY INSTANT, THE MONARCH OF THE DARK DOMAIN GIVES VENT TO HIS UNCONTROLLABLE RAGE--
SO! YOU ALLOWED YOURSELVES TO BE DEFEATED BY A LONE INTRUDER!!
MERCY, MASTER! WE DID OUR BEST!

SILENCE!! I BANISH YOU ALL TO LIMBO! THE VERY SIGHT OF YOU IS OFFENSIVE TO MY EYES!
WHEN THE INTRUDER IS SLAIN, YOU SHALL RETURN! BUT, NOT AN INSTANT BEFORE!

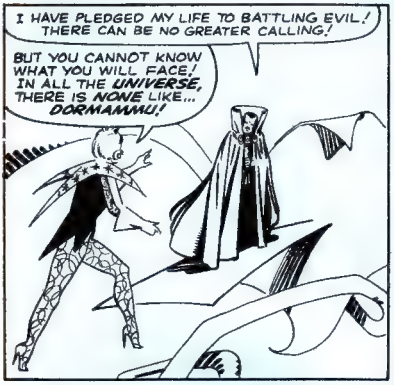

AND NOW, I MYSELF SHALL DEAL WITH THE ONE FROM THE WORLD CALLED EARTH! LET HIM BE BROUGHT TO ME!!
NO SOONER HAS THE THOUGHT TAKEN FORM, THAN A MYSTIC PATH APPEARS, LEADING TO THE DREAD DORMAMMU!

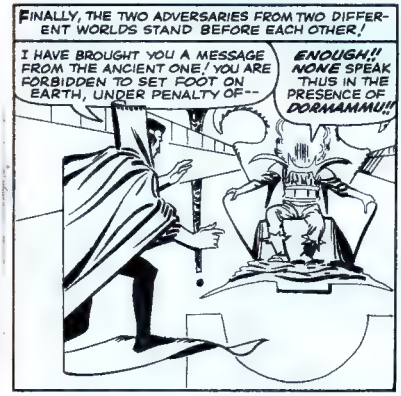
NEVER HAVE I SENSED SUCH RAGE, SUCH FURY IN THE HEART OF DORMAMMU! THE VALIANT STRANGER WALKS TO HIS DOOM!!

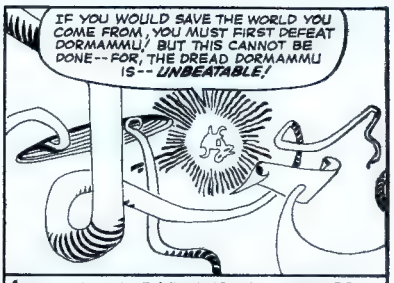
COME FORWARD, YOU OF THE OUTER WORLD!! I WISH TO LOOK UPON YOUR FEATURES--BEFORE YOU DIE!

I SENSE SOMEONE BEHIND ME! I WAS RIGHT! IT'S--A GIRL!
STOP! YOU MUST GO NO FURTHER! THE DREAD DORMAMMU WAITS TO SLAY YOU!

I AM AWARE OF THAT!
BUT YOU CANNOT SUSPECT HOW POWERFUL HE IS! YOU THROW AWAY YOUR LIFE BY FACING HIM!







ALONE IN AN ALIEN DIMENSION--ABOUT TO BATTLE THE MOST POWERFUL FIGURE IN THE WORLDS OF MAGIC--DOCTOR STRANGE IS FACING THE FIGHT OF HIS LIFE! AND WE SHALL BRING YOU THE COMPLETE CHRONICLE OF THAT NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN BATTLE NEXT WEEK! SO, TILL THEN, MAY THE DREAD DORMAMMU NEVER SPEAK YOUR NAME!

These sporty machines have high rise handlebars, short sports mudguards and a three-speed Sturmey Archer gear with 'Sportshift' stub-type gear lever. They've got banana shaped pole saddles, sweptwing chainguards and lightweight Endrick rims

This fabulous competition appears this week in all five of the Power Comics—FANTASTIC—TERRIFIC—SMASH—WHAM—POW . . . and it will be repeated every week in all five comics for the next seven weeks. Thus, each week you can compete on an entry coupon from any or all of the "POWER-packed" five.

What is more, you can send your entries in now or, to save postage, you can keep them and send all your entries in together at the end of the contest.

What a FANTASTIC offer! Start entering this TERRIFIC competition now . . . and as often as you can—POW! WHAM! SMASH! *you* can win one of our ten super bikes—FREE!

HOW TO ENTER

Pierrots on the piers are strictly for squares! What we want is pops in the Pavilion!

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses. If you are aged 10 or under you may complete your entries in pencil: older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, you can post your coupon(s) now, or you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES

There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgement in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, those tying will be invited to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power comics in which this competition appears.

The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The results will be published in the five Power Comics.

FREE ENTRY FORM
POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select.

Bachelors		Monkees	
Barron Knights		Paul and Barry Ryan	
Cat Stevens		Petula Clark	
Cliff Richard		Sandie Shaw	
Dusty Springfield		Seekers	
Freddie and the Dreamers		Shadows	
Ken Dodd		Tom Jones	
Lulu		Tremeloes	
Mammas and Poppas		Val Doonican	
Manfred Mann		Walker Brothers	

AGE . . . NAME .....
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Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION, 95 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

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news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

SO MANY OF YOU FRANTIC ONES have written in asking if we garreteers have any *other* interests apart from producing the Power Pack! For Pete's sake, of *course* we have! We're *human*, too, aren't we? Mind you we *do* find work and play have a habit of getting tangled up together! Take Jolly J. Jackson. He's likely to dream up ideas for his coveted covers while fishing the quiet stretches of rural waters. A spare-time angler, that's Jolly J. And Rollicking Roge' Barnden (he's Jolly J's strong right arm, artwise) seeks the Muse when bucketing his sports job around a motor race track! Affable Alf often ponders editorial problems to the accompaniment of his own (and dishy, too) music. Big Bart thinks 'Power' while slamming the heck out of a golf ball. And although it sounds crazy, Kid Ken Mennell—remember, he's the script-scribe who joined the team some short while back—swears he's inspired to creative thought by the bedlamous morning chorus from goats, ducks, geese, chickens, dogs, cats and what-have-you who populate a fair-sized chunk of his farm-style home.

And so on . . . and so on! But you get the picture? Scratch away the printer's ink and we're just like *anyone else* . . . or almost, anyway!

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Nothing to do with Power Comics, but Kid Ken tells us that four of his chickens were once in the hands of The Beatles! Seems they were used as models when photos were wanted of the lyrical lads with some Easter chicks. When the photo session was over, no-one knew what to do with the four fluffy yellow balls of hens-to-be (the chickens, we mean) until someone remembered Kid Ken. Quite famous locally are these truly "swinging chicks" Anyone short of eggs?

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Talking of villians (and they're such a *fascinating* subject, so why not?) the current X-MEN tale in FANTASTIC puts the teenage mutants up against perhaps their most *hair-raising* menace yet. (By the way, the same story will answer all you fans who have wanted to know the *origin* of Professor X.)

And for his debut in SMASH this week, DARE-DEVIL is matched against that sensational, super-powered criminal who once caused SPIDER-MAN so much trouble—none other than ELECTRO! It's a swinging, *small* world, isn't it?

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Julian O'Sullivan, Guernsey, C.I.; S. J. Lloyd, Thornton Heath, Surrey; George Dallas, Caithness, Scotland; Stewart Laming, Oldham, Lancs; Simon Clayton, Portsmouth, Hants; Leslie Fenna, Chester, Cheshire; David Walton, Dartford, Kent; Barry Dransfield, Ashton-u-Lyne, Lancs; Terence W. Green, Perterlee, Durham; Martin Rex, Shodin, Chilwell, Notts; Stephen Beels, Watford, Herts; Charles Gattrey, Wheatley, Oxon; Richard Gayer, Chelsea, London; Bernard Jarvis, Bristol; Kenny Delaney, Bellshill, Lanarkshire; Peter Roberts, Aylesbury, Bucks; Mark Sutton, Southend-on-Sea; Tim Frere, Eastbourne, Sussex; Mary Newnes, Liverpool, Lancs.

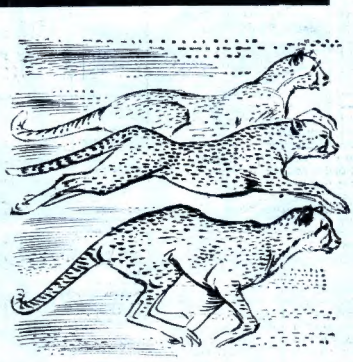
ODD SPORTS

RACING CHEETAHS

UNTIL QUITE RECENTLY, cheetah racing was a popular sport among Indian Rajahs, and fortunes were won or lost on the results.

Often called the hunting leopard, the cheetah is one of the fastest, if not the fastest, four-legged animal. A young cheetah has been timed at 50 miles an hour over short distances. The animal cannot keep up that speed for long. It is essentially a sprinter and over long distances its speed does not average more than 25-30 miles an hour.

Cheetahs used for racing in India were specially bred for the purpose and the races were over a half-mile course.



The animals were started from trap boxes like those used in greyhound tracks, and they ran in pursuit of an antelope. No cheetah can resist an antelope. The antelope had to be released about 200 yards down the track, otherwise the cheetahs would have overtaken it half-way down the course. The owner of the cheetah that caught the antelope won the race.

Some years ago, four cheetahs were matched against four greyhounds over a distance of 440 yards. It was found that in order to make a race of it, the greyhounds had to be given a 40 yards start!

Blindfold Walking-Match

Apparently Australians do not mind how far they walk—if it is for a bet. They do not even think twice about doing the walk blindfolded!

To settle a wager of £20, two sheep shearers were matched to walk blindfolded a distance of five miles along a rough, bush road.

The conditions were that the competitors had to keep to the road all the way, and to have no means of guidance except two sticks. Two friends, one behind the competitors and one in front, accompanied them to warn of approaching traffic.

The winner collected the prize of £20 by completing the course in one hour and 46 minutes. The loser's time was 16 minutes more.

A Smashing Match

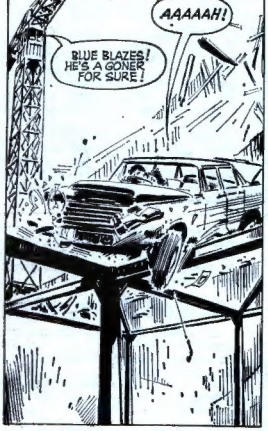
A smashing competition was held in Czechoslovakia to decide a local plate-breaking championship! Some 15 competitors stood in front of a long trestle table and before each competitor was a pile of small china plates.

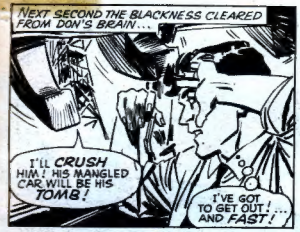
At the starting signal (the dropping of a large dinner plate) each competitor had to try to break as many plates as possible in a minute by lifting them one by one and dropping them on the floor.

The winner won with a score of 53 plates, or nearly one a second! The runner up smashed only 47 plates. Three competitors were disqualified for dropping more than one plate at a time.

THE DRAMA OF DOOM

BLOW-PIPE DARTS TIPPED WITH A POISON THAT TURNS MEN INTO KILLERS - THAT IS THE WEAPON OF THE SINISTER CRIMINAL CALLED THE ACTOR. SPECIAL SECURITY AGENT DON STARR HAS BEEN GIVEN A COUNTER-DRUG TO SHIELD HIM FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE ACTOR'S DARTS. BUT DON'S CHIEF BELIEVES THAT HIS ACE AGENT HAS TURNED KILLER ...AND OPENS FIRE ON DON'S CAR...





SO WHAT HAPPENS NEXT WEEK? WAIT AND SEE!

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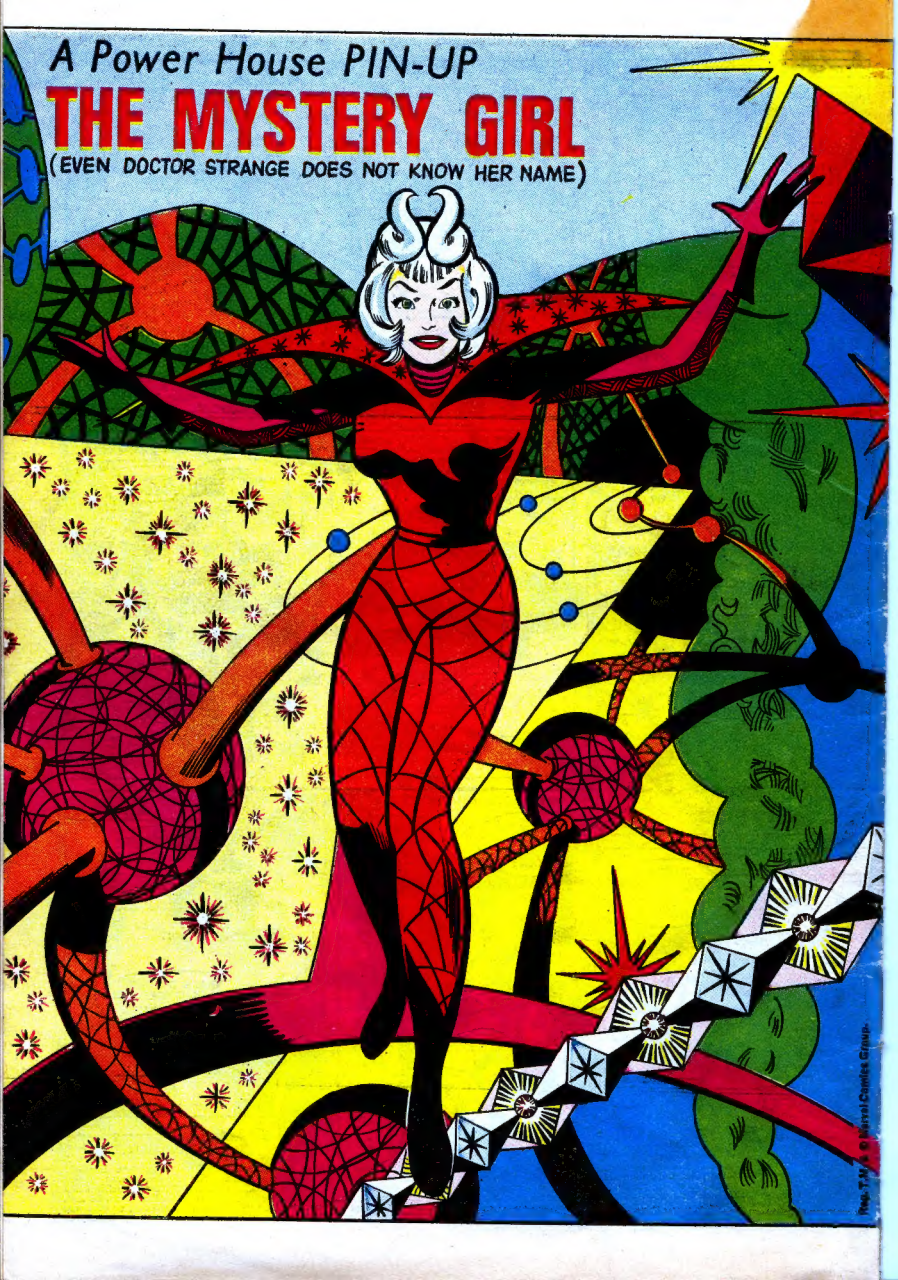
A Power House PIN-UP
THE MYSTERY GIRL
(EVEN DOCTOR STRANGE DOES NOT KNOW HER NAME)
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